

## TWO GENTLEMEN OF HAWAII.

By SEWARD W. HOPKINS.

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### CHAPTER XIX.

CONTINUED.

So back to the temple I went. Kamaui was resting on her throne, and as she moved easily to her feet the tumult might be that was coming toward her. I thought again that she was the most superbly beautiful creature I had ever seen. Every line of her form, showing through the thin white robes she wore, was a line of beauty. Every motion was a poem, every breath she drew made her bosom rise and fall with a majestic rhythm.

When the high priests, leading me in their midst, came before Kamaui's throne, they knelt upon their knees and bowed low before her. I did the same. There was a great contrast between this bow and the one I had given in the Temple of the Glittering Rock at Nimalua's bidding. That seemed farcical, I laughed at it. But there was no mirth left in me now. The dangers and horrors of the situation stood out before me in awful distinctness.

"Why do you thus disturb me?" asked the priestess severely, rising to her feet and standing impassively before me. "We have come, oh, priestess, to lay before you the question of this priest's fate."

"Have I not already said that I should be put in the dungeon, and there await the judgment?" she asked. "True, oh, priestess, wise and good Kamaui, said the leader of the high priests, and we hastened to do your bidding. We carried him to the dungeon. While on our way we thought to please you, oh, priestess, and to please the goddess Pele by making this erring priest assist in the sacrifice of the sacred one, when Pele demands it."

"Well?" she asked, as the high priest paused.

"He agreed," continued the high priest, "and as we were about to leave him he offered a strange supposition to us. He said there might have been two new priests received to-day in stead of one. That both might have been consecrated to the goddess. Then, oh, priestess, he said that we might have made the proposition to assist in the sacrifice to both of them, and he would agree, and the other priest would refuse. Then, oh, priestess, the other priest would be sent to the dungeon to await his doom, and what would be done with this priest?"

"But the goddess is empty."

Kamaui said this with a peculiar inflection. She was looking at me intently. My mask was gone and she was studying my features. And under the glance of those riveting eyes my pulse beat more quickly and my heart throbbled strongly. What force might not lay in the magnetism of this great loveliness.

"True, the goddess is empty, oh, priestess," said the leader, "but we will let the successor of Lowai speak for himself."

"Speak?" said Kamaui, softly.

"Oh, priestess, you who are so beautiful," I began, "must be also noble. I came here as a priest, having been made the successor of old Lowai in Oahu. I saw at your feet, awaiting sacrifice, this woman I loved, I forgot my orders. I forgot reason. You know what I did. You do not forgive. These high priests suggested to me that I assist at the sacrifice of this being whom I loved, and then, as a reward, become one of themselves. I accepted. Now, O Priestess, in the case that has been placed before you, if the other priest had refused, he would go to the dungeon. I, having accepted, do not deserve so harsh a treatment."

A gleam came into the eyes of Kamaui, but it was there one instant only.

"What the priest says is true," she said. "What, then, is your desire?"

pare and unfurnished save for the throne of Kamaui and the chair at the altar where Winnie had sat when I made the reckless break that seemed likely to be a fatal error. The floor of the temple was worn smooth by many years of the restless tread of worshippers. The huge groto was overhung with inverted cones like stalactites, which were of the same lava-stone as the entire mountain seemed composed of. There were great recesses reaching away into the mountain-side, from which came loud echoes of footsteps or the talking of people in the temple.

Finding myself free and alone, I wandered about the gloomy place, making peculiar noises to hear the echoes that seemed to come from every side.

I carefully and with caution examined the walls of the place, where it was light enough for me to see, hoping to find some door through which I might reach Winnie or find where she was being kept. But the gruesome place was lighted only from a square aperture in the roof, high above me, and the light fell as to be centered around the throne, leaving the cavernous recesses at the sides in total darkness.

I remembered that when Winnie was led away she was taken behind the throne, and I looked there for another dungeon; but I found none. If there were any doors in the parts of the wall that I could examine, they were so carefully and skillfully made as to defy detection by one not in the secret of their construction.

I felt that, when the high-priests departed, a sense of exhilaration at having gained my purpose so far as to be left free, instead of confined to a dungeon, and Kamaui's glance and smile had stimulated me with a peculiar thrill. But after I had been in the temple a few hours I began to feel the overwhelming solitude of the place. I began to feel the danger, to realize the horrors of my situation. I knew there was nothing to expect from the high priests but the worst. They were merciless in their fanaticism, and their delusions brooked no opposition. The other priests I did not fear so much, yet they were no doubt completely under the control of the high priests. But about Kamaui—my heart beat more rapidly when I thought of her. So lovely! So magnificent in her transcendent beauty! Could she be so cruel as to consign my sister to a horrible death, and compel me to assist in the soul-sickening ceremony? The more I thought of this, the worse I felt. The main door of the temple stood open. I knew where it led. I had noticed when I came in the barren ledge of rock and the sluggish lake of molten lava below it. Having spent so much time in a futile endeavor to find a hidden door, I finally resolved to go out into the air and see how the strange priests lived and acted when they were not engaged in their horrible worship of Pele.

I had reached the ledge of rock, and stood looking across the great crater, awestruck with a new sense of loneliness and my insignificance. Not another person could be seen. There were evidently other grotoes than the one used as a temple.

While I stood thus a priest appeared from some aperture in the rock and came toward me.

"Successor of Lowai, the priests of Pele are not to sit before the daily feast. You will follow me."

He returned to the spot from which he came into sight.

Half hidden by bulging rock, a small opening led into a groto much like the temple, save that it was better lighted. A long table was spread in the center, and around it sat about a hundred priests. These were the ordinary or common priests, and had thrown aside their masks and outlandish costumes, the better to enjoy the meal.

Among these I was welcome, for I was one of their order.

They cared nothing—or knew nothing—of the greatness or less in Kamaui, as judged by the high-priests. They had seen me snatch Winnie to my breast and kiss her, but they had seen me taken away to be punished. As they were probably punished for disobedience more or less great, they felt rather with me than against me in account of my crime. While I dined this in a few minutes' talk, I also made certain that when it came a question of taking sides against the authority of the high-priests, they could not be relied upon at all. Every man seemed to be crazy in his infatuated worship of Pele.

There was a place for me at one side of the table, and at the sign from my guide I took it.

"You are welcome here, successor of Lowai," said an aged fool who sat at the head of the table. "Pele has not many worshippers of your color. You will be a great priest."

have proven faithful, and Kamaui and the high-priests accept you, you will receive a name. You may keep the one you had in Honolulu or may take a new one."

"Great is Pele!" said one of the "brethren." "Will you have some 'poi'?"

There were no spoons nor forks among the priests, so I dipped into the great dish of taro-root with my hands and gulped down the stuff the best I could. It was nauseating, eating in this way; but it was that or starve, and a man will do a great many unpleasant things rather than die. Then we had cocoa in rude, wooden mugs, without milk, but with plenty of sugar. And the center of the table was piled high with bananas.

"Where do you obtain supplies?" I asked, drinking from my wooden bowl.

"We have many ways," replied a priest near me. "One of us may at any time be sent to Kannaikai to buy food. Then we have priests who, like Lowai, do not live here, but come at regular times to worship Pele and bring offerings from the people."

"Have we any followers of Pele who are not priests?" I asked.

The brother who sat next to me opened his eyes wide in surprise at my gross ignorance.

"The worshippers of Pele are many, and reach around the world," he said.

"True, Lowai told me that," I said, adding a little untruth to what the old villain had really told me. "That he did not say how many. How many people in the world worship Pele?"

"A hundred million," solemnly replied my neighbor at the feast.

I nearly smiled at the figures. Had I done so, the act might have been fatal. By plunging my nose into my big cocoa cup and swallowing the black mixture, I concealed the look of incredulity that came into my face in spite of me.

"How do you get to Kannaikai when you are sent after food?" I asked.

"We wait for Patua, the fisherman, to come for us in his boat."

"Is Patua a priest?"

"He is a member of Kannaikai-milimilawai."

"So, then, he is one of us?"

"Did you not know it?" asked the chief among them fiercely. "Else how did you come among us?"

I was on dangerous ground and hastened to right myself.

"True, Patua is a true follower, for his boat and mine, and the spirit of Pele was felt in me."

Thus confidence was restored, and we finished the feast.

Before we left the table the assembled priests went through a form of praise to Pele, consisting of much bowing and groaning, and we were free for the time to go where we would. I was stiff from sitting on the rough, wooden benches that served for chairs, and when I got into the air again I walked rapidly up and down the edge to get the kinks out of my joints.

Seeing a fellow-priest standing alone, gazing into the lake, I spoke to him.

"When is the great sacrifice to be?" I asked.

He looked at me sharply and, with a scowl, said:

"Do you not know that we must not talk of these things except before Kamaui?" Then he turned and strode majestically away.

There was discipline with a purpose. It was no wonder we never could earn anything about Winnie. If the priests of Pele, in the very center of the hideous worship, could not speak of the victims of their fanaticism, then how doubly certain it was that they would not speak of them to others when inquiries were being carried on. Musing upon the strange beings who controlled this band of maniacs, I went again into the temple. Here, I thought, I would be more likely to earn something. If anything of importance—that had any bearing on the fate of Winnie or myself—should transpire, it would most likely be in the temple. So I wandered about the gloomy groto, listening to the echoes of my own footsteps.

It was drawing toward the evening, a time at which I might expect the devotees of Pele to show themselves in the temple in a still more ridiculous performance. I had recovered my mask and put it on, with some ill-defined idea that it was better on than off.

I had not been in the temple long, before one of the high-priests came in with some candles. He set two of these near Kamaui's throne, and scattered the others nearby. Then with a taper he went from one to the other chanting a weird song to Pele, and lighting the temple for evening worship. Shortly afterward the nine other high-priests came in and formed a semi-circle before the throne, standing in an exact attitude.

Then Kamaui came.

## POPULAR SCIENCE

A Belgian, M. Thiryian, has worked miracles in the cures of boils, abscesses and anthrax, by injecting oxygen gas in its natural state. The rapidity with which the cure is effected is described as simply astonishing.

The palmetto trees of Jacksonville, Fla., stood the conflagration better than any other kind. While nearly all other trees in the wide sweep of the fire perished from the heat, the palmettos are putting out green shoots, showing that they have life and vigor left.

The eastern Canadian seacoast, from the Bay of Fundy to the Straits of Belle Isle, covers a distance of 5000 miles, and British Columbia, with its multitude of bays and mountainous islands, has a seacoast of 7180 miles and a salt water shoreline area, not including minor indentations, of 1599 square miles.

About one-fourth of the total area of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, has been set apart as forest reservations. There are thirty-nine of these in all, containing 46,800,000 acres. It is apparent that the importance of forestry, as it affects the general climate and influences the flow of the large rivers and streams, is receiving the attention it deserves.

Several methods of preserving the natural color of pressed flowers have been suggested, but the best, it is said, is that used in the New York Botanical Garden. After the specimens have been under pressure for a day or two they are laid in papers heated in the sun, and this is repeated until the drying is complete. This preserves the colors perfectly.

Professor J. W. Toumey, of the Yale Forestry School, is authority for the statement that the estimated timber cut in the United States amounts to about 40,000,000,000 feet, board measure, annually. This is estimated to be only about one-seventh of the total consumption. If it were possible to cut the entire amount annually consumed into boards an inch thick they would cover a walk six feet wide that would extend more than 354 times around the earth at its greatest diameter.

Neptune, the most distant known planet of the solar system, presents to the telescope only a small, greenish disk, on which no distinct markings are visible. But during the past year the great telescope of the Naval Observatory at Washington has revealed indications of the existence of streaks on Neptune bearing a resemblance to the belts of Jupiter. A few years ago similar streaks were seen on Uranus, Saturn also possesses them, and it may be said that cloud-like belts are a feature common to all the four great outer planets.

Probably no actor was ever more successful in teaching children how to act than the late James A. Herne. He always had children in every production he had anything to do with, and was perhaps responsible for more "stage children" than any other actor. When he made his first production of "Shore Acres" wonderful things were accomplished with the children he employed.

"It requires a great deal of patience," said Mr. Herne, a short time before his death, "to teach children how to act, but to be natural. I always cautioned their mothers not to attempt doing anything with them, except to help them to the lines and have the rest to me. When this is done I find no trouble, and the results attained fully repay me. Of course there is a great difference among children who become players. Some of them are very bright, quick to remember advice and capable of carrying out instructions, and as a rule the children who grasp an idea slowly make the best players."—New York Times.

**Plenty of Photos.**

"Would you be kind enough to return my photograph?" she wrote. "I gave it to you in a moment of girlish folly, and I have since had occasion to regret that I was so thoughtless in such matters." Of course, she pictured that photograph framed and hung up in his room, and was inclined to think that he would part with it with deep regret. Just why she wanted it returned is immaterial.

Of course, he had offended her in some way, but it is unnecessary to inquire how. The reply to her note came the following day.

"I regret," it read, "that I am unable at this late day to pack out my photograph. However, I send you my entire collection, numbering over 600, and would request that you return all except your own at my expense."—Tit-Bits.

**Why She Left.**

A young servant girl asked leave to attend a friend's funeral. Her mistress put herself to some inconvenience to allow her to go. On her return, however, she was surprised to find her mistress's mother and when asked the reason for so doing the girl replied: "Well, ma'am, to tell the real truth, the corpse's husband said I was the life and soul of the whole party, and I'm engaged to be married to him."

A well-known society woman of London has an album containing photographs of all her costumes for the past ten years.

A beech tree twelve feet in height is growing on the tower of the church at Fishioff, Lincolnshire, England.

## TONSORAL ECONOMY.

Dry Shaving Responsible for the Beard-State of Most Chinese.

"Dry shaving has been a blessing to China, and in less than 200 years has almost removed beards from the faces of the men of the empire," observed an intelligent Chinaman to a Star reporter. "Originally the Chinese had heavy beards. This is easily verified by an examination of any of the old prints of Chinamen, for all of them show long bearded men. In time the people found out that there was no particular use for a beard and that the wearing of it was expensive, outside of the time actually occupied in trimming or shaving it. How many Americans of today are forced to spend several hours a week in a barber's chair? Many men that I know, Americans and Europeans as well, spend twenty minutes in a barber's chair every day."

"The Chinaman of the olden times—the kind of Chinaman who figures as a pirate in your prints, for the good Chinaman never seems to have got his picture in your books at all, until within the last fifty years at most—always wore a long beard in reality as well as in the pictures. But even he found out that there was no necessity for it. The learned men of the empire were asked to consider the matter, and they arriving at the conclusion that dry shaving was to some extent a remedy. Anyhow, official edicts were issued giving this information. The old fellows who had beards, of course, were not in it, and they lived out their days and passed out of existence with full beards, but the young were asked to 'dry shave.' Thus the reform started, and in five or six generations of people the beard has practically disappeared, so that the average Chinaman of today does not have to devote over one-half hour in a month to keep his face hairless. In the next two generations beards are expected to disappear absolutely. It took time to bring this about, but in the life of a nation such a thing as a century should not be allowed to count much. I think beards would disappear from Americans and Europeans in five generations of people if the people wanted to have them disappear."—Washington Evening Star.

**Holding Up a Truck.**

One of the latest amazing incidents imaginable was the holding up of a truck in lower Broadway. It was one of those stout vehicles that are provided with a windlass and rope for elevating heavy merchandise. The rope had escaped from its moorings and was trailing fifty feet behind the truck as the giant Percepsion lazily poked along. It drew across the street, stepped over it and did nothing, except to themselves. Presently two able seamen from a United States vessel lying in the Wallabout came rolling along with their sea legs on, and one, carrying the rope, made a dash for it. Near by was a hydrant. It took him but the fraction of a minute to make a round turn and half-halt, stopping forward to get some slack. Then, with his message he knelt aside to see the fun. The consequences came near being serious for the giant truck, feeling a tug, had their weight against the obstacle and probably would have pulled it out of the ground had not the driver aroused himself, self and stopped their progress. And what a "bussin" and "sawarin" there was when he found himself anchored to a fire plug! The crowd yelled and chaffed and the sailors chuckled disapprovingly.—New York Press.

**Five Generations in Two Family.**

Representative Livingston, of Georgia, is one of the few men who can boast of belonging to a family that has living representatives of five generations. Mr. Livingston's father, aged ninety-eight years, is now living in the South in good health. Between the age of this oldest member of the family and the youngest there is a difference of ninety-five years. The only real sole member of the fifth generation being a lively boy of three years who is living in this city. This young American is the son of Mr. Livingston's granddaughter, who in turn is the child of his eldest daughter. The five generations have been photographed in a group and the picture is cherished by every member of the Livingston family.—Washington Star.

**More Opinion.**

The man who claims just women for the purpose of getting a seat in the car never crowds a lady out of her place in church.

Women were created out of one of men's ribs, and in a good many cases she seems to have his backbone too.

Some people keep so busy looking out for the rainy day that they don't know the sun ever shines.

Women will never be able to have herself placed upon an equality with man as long as her letters are delivered at the house.

"Distance lends enchantment to the view." A rich man can see many advantages in being poor.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Controller Color's Share.**

Controller Color believes in the adage "To save time is to lengthen life." When busy in his office he will say to an attendant:

"Bring me a shave!"

In a few minutes the attendant will appear with razor, shaving cup and brush ready. In his private office Controller Color dashes the latter over his face, and, without looking in a glass, shaves one side of his face with his left hand while signing checks with his right hand.

"I had to get used to this way of shaving while traveling in Western railroad trains," said Controller Color, when asked for an explanation of his hirsute feat.—New York Times.

## OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR

Penetrating—Woman's Mental Complexity—Gratified Her Fondness—His Redeeming Point—Hardships of City Life—Had Been There Before.

A hornet's sting is a red-hot thing. And gets there without fail; it points a moral, it wounds not oral, and, besides, adorns a tail.—Chicago News.

**Woman's Mental Complexity.**

"Harriet, you spend \$10 lavishly, and then economize on a dime."

"That's all right, Harry. I feel \$10 worth of virtuous complacency over saving the ten cents."

**Gratified Her Fondness.**

"Any one in your house play the piano?"

"No, but I have it tuned every once in a while—my wife is so fond of music."—New York Times.

**His Redeeming Point.**

"Skins is utterly lazy and worthless."

"Oh, I don't know; he is entitled to some credit for not letting anything worry him."—Detroit Free Press.

**Hardships of City Life.**

"A metropolis, Jimmie, is a place to which it costs you about twenty-five cents street car fare to get out where you can pick clover."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Had Been There Before.**

"Price—'I asked you to loan me \$10, and you sent me only \$9.'"

"Brown—I know; I kept the other dollar to pay postage on the letters. I'll have to write to get my money back."—New York Times.

**Backward Steps.**

"Tess—When I met May-to-day I had my new gown on. Naturally I expected her to say something about it, but she pretended not to notice it."

"Jesse—Yes, she's an awfully tender-hearted girl."—Philadelphia Press.

**Materialistic.**

"How," moaned the poet, "am I ever to wake up and find myself famous, when I'm so hungry I can't sleep?"

"For he had been touched by the withering materialism of the age—Puck."

**In the Presence of Gratitude.**

"Parker—I suppose you have great hopes of that new baby of yours, haven't you?"

"Lane—Well, yes, I have, old man. When I think of what that baby is likely to be I fairly tremble at my own insignificance."—Detroit Free Press.

**The Program.**

"I am unfamiliar with American customs," said one European nobleman to another. "What is the usual mode of procedure in marrying an heiress?"

"It is very simple. You tell the lady how much you love her and her father how much you owe."—Washington Star.

**At the Wrong Time.**

"If there ever was a terrible child in this world," remarked the worried mother, "he's one."

"What's his particular fault?"

## UNOBSERVANT MEN.

They Are Seldom of Use as Critics in Their Own Households.

A man who took exception to a statement made on the "Woman's Page" a day or two ago to the effect that the sterner sex were unobservant, and that nine out of ten married men did not know the color of their wives' eyes, tried to prove his case by mentioning the color of those of his own family.

Out of eight he guessed one correctly. A blue-eyed member he said had black eyes, a gray-eyed sister blue ones, and so on. When he was convinced of his mistakes he gave up and retreated into his own den, growling. It isn't only in such small things as the color of hair and eyes however, that the ordinary man of family is behind. A devoted father known to this page, when asked for his daughter's hand not long ago, waxed indignant to such an extent that his prospective son-in-law feared he would burst a blood-vessel.

"That child marry?" he said, contemptuously; "why, my dear sir, my daughter can't be more than seventeen years old. I walked up the street behind her just now and noticed that she still has on short frock. I won't give my consent for ten years yet. Remember that, sir."

Now, the young woman in question is twenty-two years old, and so she was justly indignant at this conversation, which she overheard at the kitchen. Upstairs she flew, then removed her rainy day skirt and substituted a trailing one for it, and rushed into the library just in time to save the day for her discomfited suitor, who was trying to explain to her father how old she was.

A fond husband awaiting his wife in the hall of their residence last night watched her proudly as she swept downstairs.

"That's a very pretty frock, Helen," he said, "a very pretty frock. I never remember having seen it before. Is it a recent purchase?"

"Quite recent, my dear," replied his better half, good-naturedly. "I've had it exactly five years. It was part of my trousseau, and every time you see it you make the same remark."

"Are cannot without our custom stale its juvenile variety?"

"No, I don't dress to please my husband," said a woman at an experience meeting of females the other evening. "I dress to please myself. I don't know what will please him. If he doesn't notice a new frock, I feel satisfied; when he does, it's because something about it jars on him."

"Once, after I had been in mourning for six months, he remarked, naively, 'You don't seem to be wearing as much red and yellow as usual, Louise; I'm glad of it. These Browns suit you better.'"

"He criticised a toilet at my express wish once. The gown was a beautiful creation, and when I asked him how he liked it he looked up at it over his newspaper."

"Very nice, very nice," he said. "It looks a good deal like your other dresses, though, doesn't it—kind of frilly and frusy? I would like it better if there were a little cut off the edge; and then he went back to his paper, and I picked up my train and waited for the servant, who said it was 'brand.'"

"If ever there was a purling set, it's the men of one's own household. Don't depend upon them for suggestions if you don't want to be disappointed."—Baltimore News.

**A Dig at the Dates.**

One of my greatest mistakes, says Anna Lee Merrill, the artist, telling in the Century of her first gardening experiences in England, was to raise a large crop of daisies. This flower is the badge of the women's college at Cheltenham and of Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, because it always turns to the right, and is both and modest, yet foursome everywhere. I am convinced that these daisy ladies never had any practical acquaintance with that flower. It is the most underhand, grasping, selfish, ill-regulated little plant that exists. It regulates everything it can get, and gives nothing except its little spot of white in